

Spent my nights in a sleeping bag smelling kerosene
thinking fog and sand
was gonna keep me clean
feeding all the bluejays at the wrong address
where they went instead
I could only guess

Tell the barfly
who runs this town
you won't get high
you'll just get down
tell the barfly
it's on his dime
you won't get high
so do the time

Took a breath full of iodine and I overdosed
and the tide crept high
like a watery ghost
and no one needs your kind
of a dope sick clown
you can always find
sitting one seat down

Tell the barfly
who rolls the dice
your numbers up
so roll it twice
tell the barfly
it's on his dime
you won't get high
so do the time

Honey, I'm not the one who's of use to you now
I get an hour's sleep at night
and I can't see how
you deserve all the mess that even guilt won't allow

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